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From the Flag of our Union.

## GIVE ROOM.

BY MINA MERMON.

Give a host of room for love—  
He shall make thy cot a palace;  
But in chains too strong to move,  
Bind the fiend whose name is Malice.

Take Forgiveness for thy friend;  
Let her ever be beside thee:  
Brightest angels shall attend,  
And their watchful care shall guide thee.

Give a host of room to Mirth—  
Not an inch to hoary sorrow;  
One would beautify the earth,  
One its golden charms would borrow.

With such pleasant friends as these,  
And a heart untouched by sadness,  
Thou shalt sail o'er life's dark seas,  
To the realms of light and gladness.

WESTMINSTER, Vt., May 1850.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE WOMEN OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

We invite your serious attention to a subject whose deep importance is beginning to be felt and acknowledged by candid and thoughtful minds. Among the many questions which are being asked in the increased light and desire for truth which characterize our age, none more vitally affect the whole human family than that which is technically termed "Woman's Rights." Every allusion to the degraded and inferior position occupied by woman all over the world, has generally been met by scorn and contempt. From the man of highest cultivation to the most degraded wretch who staggers thro' the streets, do we hear ridicule and abuse poured upon those who dare assert that woman stands by the side of man, his equal, placed here by her God, to enjoy with him the beautiful earth, which is her home as it is his, and endowed with equal capacity for enjoyment—having the same mental and moral constitution, and consequently the rights growing out of it; and looking to the same Being for support and guidance.

Ever has a weight been upon her, socially, intellectually and politically; and although at intervals a vigorous spirit has partially thrown it off—and shown what woman may and can do, yet so long has man exercised a tyranny over her, injurious to himself and benumbing to her faculties, that but few can nerve themselves against it.—So long has the chain been about her, that, however galling it may be, she knows not there is a remedy.—Every influence that could be used has been thrown around her to make her the willing instrument of her own degradation. The power of physical strength, the strong weight of habit

and education, the limited cultivation of her intellect, the idea that God himself has ordained it, all have united to crush her; to bring her so low that the bright sky is shut out from her view, and she is not conscious that were she to throw from her the weight that so crushes her, worlds of light and beauty would break upon her delighted vision.

As the nations of the earth emerge from barbarism, the sphere of woman gradually becomes wider, but not even under what is thought to be the full blaze of the sun of civilization, is it what God designs it to be. In every country and clime does man assume the responsibility of marking out the path for her to tread. From the Arabian Kerek, whose wife is obliged to steal to supply the necessities of life; from the Mohammedan, who forbids dogs, pigs, *women*, and other impure animals to enter a Mosque; from the German, who quietly smokes his meerschaum, while his wife, yoked with the ox, draws the plough thro' its furrow—from the delectable gentleman who thinks an inferior style of conversation adapted to woman, to the legislator who considers her incapable of saying what law shall govern her, is the same contempt for her welfare visible. In nothing is her *true* happiness consulted. Men like to call her an angel—to feed her with sweet food nourishing her vanity—to induce her to believe her organization is so much finer, more delicate than theirs, that she is not fitted to endure the tempests of public life, but needs their care and protection in the repose of home. Care and protection! such as the wolf gives the lamb—the eagle the dove he carries to his eyrie. Most cunningly he entraps her, and then takes from her all those rights which are dearer to him than life itself—rights that have been baptized in blood, and the maintenance of which has rocked to their foundations the kingdoms of the old world.

When we speak of the Rights of Woman, we speak of Human rights; and take the ground that every human being has all the rights of any other human being—derived from the same source and equally sacred. Consult the writers upon natural law as to the derivation of Human Rights, and the most approved of these will state, that they emanated from the natural wants and emotions of mankind; and that their foundation is laid in the relations established by God himself, for the benefit and regulation of his children in the fulfilment of the objects for which they were created. These relations, or the laws growing out of these relations, are of impartial and universal application, affecting not a portion but the whole human family—restricted neither by country, clime, nor sex.

We wish to call your attention to this subject on the ground of immutable principles of right—principles inherent in the nature of man—the recognition and acknowledgment of which in each individual, is absolutely essential to the full development of all our faculties, and the right discharge of the duties and obligations imposed upon

us by the very laws of our being. It is essential that the individuality of each be fully recognized and sustained. Is this the case with woman? Politically she is a nonentity—her entire individuality being merged and lost in the other sex.—Religiously and socially she is the mere appendage of man. We maintain *equality of rights* irrespective of sex. What *man* has a right to do, woman has a right to do, and *she herself* is to be the judge of the propriety and expediency of any given course of action. In no other way can she live out her highest idea of character and human responsibility. In no other way can she be true to the world, herself, or her God.

This is a question in which both sexes are equally interested. Possessing common natures, common rights, and a common destiny, society can never be harmoniously organized until the individuality and equality of each are practically recognized.

In addressing the Women of New York, it is our purpose not to conceal the ultimate objects in view. Firmly believing that the wrongs we enumerate are neither fictitious nor trifling, and that the rights, mutilated and obscured as they are, are yet worth rescuing from that oblivion to which all experience appears to have consigned them, we withhold nothing, however strange and paradoxical it may seem, or however harshly it may grate upon the delicate and perverted sensibilities of the public ear, which either presently or prospectively we mean to achieve. Among the objects to which our efforts are untiringly devoted, are the acknowledgment of, and the surrendering to woman equal privileges with man, in the formation of laws, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in the just compensation for services rendered, of whatever kind.

It is needless here, to enter into elaborate proof in confirmation of woman's ability to discharge the onerous duties of legislation, or to demonstrate, by an appeal to her intellectual history, her capacity to grasp alike the subtlest and sublimest mysteries of science. She is, even in her now contracted sphere, the acknowledged superior of man in original sagacity, in quick and deeply penetrating perception, and in the adapting of means to ends; qualities indispensable to the successful legislator, as well as speculative philosopher. While the names of De Stael, Martineau, Somerville, Caroline Herschell, Mitchell, and a host of others that could readily be cited, abundantly vindicate her capability successfully to compete, under like circumstances, with the ablest writers and scientific investigators of the opposite sex.

Her right to the free and full exercise of the Elective Franchise with its duties and responsibilities, is based upon the principle of inseparability of representation from taxation, of governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. It grows out of her accountability to society and to God; which accountability she is prevented from answering by the conventional



rules transmitted from the ages of violence and usurpation. Rigidly amenable to the laws, her voice is not heard in their formation. The equal and copartner of man in destiny, her name and her being, except as a subject, have scarcely a recognition upon the Statute Book, or the Historic Page, or any where, as the necessary helpmeet of man, in the great duties of life. Subject to the evils of bad legislation, her remedy is only in the exercise of the humble virtue of patience, until her capricious master, shamed from his false position, grudgingly extends her a privilege; not as a right, but as a favor, and means of pacification.

Women of New York! this ought not to be, and it rests with you, together with such of the men as adequately appreciate your character, and who are not prevented by popular opinion from vindicating the just and the true, to effect the worthy objects proposed in this address—the security of which we confidently believe will not exalt woman at the cost of humiliating man, but promote equally the happiness of both. Linked together by indissoluble bonds of affection and interest, each being essential to the idea we recognize in the term SOCIAL UNITY, how opposed to all rational philosophy is it, that the one should attempt to control the will or guide the actions of the other. Yet such has been and we fear will continue to be the history of the race, unless woman, by emphatically demanding and maintaining her rights, shall prove she is worthy of them.

We urge the more earnestly upon your consideration the importance of securing the privileges of the ballot-box, for when these are obtained the others aimed at, will readily and necessarily follow. Your political consequence will bring in its train new views as to the importance and nature of your education, of your social influence, and of your, not sickly sentimental, but vigorous moral power. There will then be some show of reason for opening to your admission the hitherto barred doors of our High Schools and Colleges, which, in consequence of the absence of woman's influence, have come to be considered, more or less, the themes of obloquy and dens of dissipation and impurity.

New views will then prevail as to the kinds of education best adapted to the physical, intellectual training both of boys and girls. Henceforth let the boy and the girl enjoy the same advantages for full muscular development. Whilst the girl is free to romp, climb, skate and swim—to go alone by day, by night, through snow, and sleet, and rain, let the boy add to these privileges, which have heretofore belonged exclusively to him, some of the softening, subduing employments of the girl. Let him knit and sew—and do whatever else may be deemed useful for her.

Intellectually, too, let them pursue the same path: Let the girl be educated in all those branches which are deemed important for boys. Let her have a knowledge of the natural sciences, mathematics and languages. Let them together tread the halls of learning; alike fill the pulpit or professor's chair; plead at the bar of justice, or minister to the necessities of the sick. Morally, too, there must be a change. Instead of the false notions of purity and honor that obtain in our day, let the boy be taught that all resistance to violence is cowardly and ignoble; that true magnanimity would teach him to pity rather than repel those who are so debased and ignorant as to invade the sacredness of individual rights.—Teach him that the same purity, delicacy and refinement, which he admires in the girl, should characterize him in all his words and action.—Teach the girl to require the same degree of virtue in those of the other sex, who mingle freely in her social circle. If boys and girls were educated under the same moral code, one generation would drive from respectable places, all violence, licentiousness and excess. Instead of the vulgarity which now degrades our Congressional Halls, we would have dignity and christian courtesy.—Instead of the selfishness found at the domestic

hearth, we would have kind, conciliating companions. Our children might then have fathers as well as mothers, who, instead of passing their nights at club-houses and secret societies, would be found at their own domestic altars, educating and elevating the immortal minds there clustering about them.

By this system of education, women would have bodies as well as souls—minds as well as hearts. They would not only know what it is to be and to feel, but they would enjoy the luxury of a vigorous organization and harmonious development of the whole being. There will then be no seeming impropriety in your ministering at the altar. Your moral nature will assert its dignity, while the sphere of your activity, thus enlarged, will confirm your intellectual equality with man, and provoke from him a respect for your entire nature, such as you have not hitherto enjoyed. Your proper place as an instructor in the halls of learning, will not be regarded, as now, a subordinate one, and your compensation therefor will be commensurate with your services, and not your mere necessities. It is an unaccountable phenomenon that mothers are the proper instructors in the nursery, beyond which their lessons must not extend. This heresy we would destroy. We beseech mothers as they value their own personality, and that of their daughters, to impress indelibly upon the minds of their children, the idea of the perfect equality of the sexes. They will thus do much to establish the true relations of man and woman.

To obtain the rights so long denied, we must change the public mind and conscience. This can only be done by the "foolishness of preaching." Each of you can do something. You can talk with your neighbors and friends. You can call meetings and agitate the question. You can send petitions to the Legislature. You can importune the unjust portion of community until they shall restore your rights because of your importunity, if not on account of the justness of your cause. You can write for the public press, and procure the insertion of useful articles calculated to rectify public opinion. You can labor with the tongue and pen.

"Who would be free,  
Themselves must strike the blow."

A new era is dawning upon the world, when "old might to right must yield—the battle blade to clerkly pen;" when the millions, who have been kept under the foot of the tyrant, will assert their manhood; when woman, yielding to the voice of the spirit within her, will demand the recognition of her humanity; when her soul grown too large for her chains, will burst the "bands around her set," and come forth redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled. While the globe resounds with the tramping of legions, who, roused from their lethargy, are resolved to be free or perish; while old earth reels under the crashing of thrones and the destruction of despotisms, hoary with age; while the flashing sunlight that breaks over us, makes dark so much that men have revered, and shows that to be good that had scarcely been dreamed of; while mind is investigating so much in politics, in science, in morals, will you be content to remain inactive or to move in a narrow and circumscribed sphere—a sphere which man shall assign you? Will you forget that God has given you the same powers and faculties he has conferred on him, the same desires, the same hopes, the same promise of immortality—that you are responsible to Him alone, for the right cultivation of those powers and faculties, and that it is not for man to say, "Thus far shalt thou go."

Be not deterred from prudent, conscientious action, by the felt pressure of public sentiment around you; for it is against this we war. This is the lion in the way, that has frightened thousands who have perceived but have not dared to assert their rights. Nor allow insinuating flattery to persuade you into inactivity. Not only are your own interests involved, but the interests of posterity, the interests of the race.

## TOO GOOD CREDIT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let me show you one of the cheapest pieces of cloth I have seen for six months," said a smiling storekeeper to a young married man, whose income from a clerkship was in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Edwards," replied the customer. "The silk and buttons are all I want."

"Oh, no trouble at all, Mr. Jacobs—no trouble at all. It is a pleasure for me to show my goods," said the storekeeper, drawing from a shelf the piece of cloth he had mentioned, and throwing it upon the counter. "There," he added, as he unfolded the glossy broad cloth, and slapped his hand upon it self complacently, "there is something worth looking at, and it's cheap as dirt.—Only four dollars a yard, and worth six, every cent of it. I bought it at auction yesterday, at a great bargain."

"It's cheap enough, certainly," remarked Jacobs, half indifferently, as he bent down to inspect the cloth; "but I've no money to spare just now."

"Don't want any money," replied Edwards, "at least not from such men as you."

Jacobs looked up into the man's face in some doubt as to his meaning.

"Your credit is good," said Edwards, smiling.

"Credit! I've no credit. I never asked a man to trust me in my life," retorted the customer.

"I'll trust you to half that is in my store," was answered.

"Thank you," said Jacobs, feeling a little flattered by a compliment like this. "But I've no wants in the dry goods line to that extent. A skein of silk and a dozen buttons for my wife, are all I require at present."

"You want a new coat," replied the persevering storekeeper, and he laid his hand upon the sleeve of Jacobs' coat and examined it closely.—"This one is getting rusty and threadbare. A man like you should have some regard to his appearance. Let me see. Two yards of this beautiful cloth will cost but eight dollars, and I won't send in your bill for six months. Eight dollars for a fine broadcloth coat! Think of that! Bargains of this kind don't grow on every tree."

While Edwards talked thus, he was displaying the goods he wished to sell in a way to let the rich glossy surface catch the best points of light, and his quick eyes soon told him that his customer was becoming tempted.

"I'll cut you off a coat pattern," said he, taking up his yard stick, "I know you want it.—Don't hesitate about the matter."

Jacobs did not say "no," although the word was on his tongue. While he yet hesitated, the coat pattern was measured off and severed from the piece.

"There it is," came in a satisfied half triumphant tone from the storekeeper's lips. "And the greatest bargain you ever had. You will want trimmings, of course."

As he spoke, he turned to the shelves for padding, linings, silk, &c., and while Jacobs half bewildered, stood looking on, cut from one piece and another, until the coat trimmings were all nicely laid out. This done, Mr. Edwards faced his customer again, rubbing his hands from an internal feeling of delight, and said—

"You must have a handsome vest to go with this, of course."

"My vest is a little shabby," remarked Jacobs, as he glanced downward at a garment which had seen pretty fair service.

"If that's the best one you have, it will never do to go with a new coat," said Edwards, in a decided tone. "Let me show you a beautiful piece of black satin."

And so the store keeper went on tempting his customer, until he sold him a vest and pantaloons in addition to the coat. After that, he found no difficulty in selling him a silk dress for his wife.—Having indulged himself with an entire new suit



not, upon reflection, think of passing by the store, who had been wishing for a new silk dress for six months.

"Can't you think of any thing else?" enquired Edwards. "I shall be happy to supply whatever you want in my line."

"Nothing more, I believe," answered Jacobs, whose bill was already thirty five dollars; and he had yet to pay for making his coat, pantaloons and vest.

"But you will want various articles of dry goods. In a family there is something called for every day. Tell Mrs. Jacobs to send down for whatever she may need. Never mind about the money. Your credit is good with me for any amount."

When Mr. Jacobs went home and told his wife what he had done, she, unreflecting woman, was delighted.

"I wish you had taken a piece of muslin," said she. "We want sheets and pillow cases badly."

"You can get a piece," replied Jacobs. "We won't have to pay for it now. Edwards will send the bill at the end of six months, and it will be easy enough to pay it then."

"Oh yes, easy enough," responded the wife confidently.

So a piece of muslin was procured on the credit account. But things did not stop there. A credit account is too often like a breach in a canal; the stream is small at first, but soon increases to a ruinous current. Now that want had found a supply source, it became more clamorous than before. Scarcely a day passed that Mr. or Mrs. Jacobs did not order something from the store, not dreaming, simple souls! that an alarmingly heavy debt was fast accumulating against them.

As to the income of Mr. Jacobs, it was not large. He was, as has been intimated, a clerk in a wholesale store, and received a salary of seven hundred dollars a year. His family consisted of a wife and three children, and he had found it necessary to be prudent in all his expenditures, in order to "make both ends meet." Somewhat independent in his feelings, he had never asked credit of any one with whom he dealt, and, no one offering it, previous to the tempting inducements held out by Edwards, he had regulated his outgoes by his actual income. By these means he had managed to keep even with the world, though not to gain any advantages on the side of fortune. Let us see how it was with him at the end of six months, under the new system. Let us see if his "good credit" has been of any real benefit to him.

It was so very pleasant to have things comfortable or for a little display, without feeling that the indulgence drained the purse too heavily. And weak vanity on the part of Jacobs, was gratified by the flattering opinion of his honesty entertained by Edwards the storekeeper. His credit was "good," and he was proud of the fact. But the day of reckoning was approaching, and at last it came.

Notwithstanding the credit at the dry goods store, there was no more money in the young clerk's purse at the end of six months than at the beginning. The cash that would have gone for clothing, when necessity called for additions to the family wardrobe, had been spent for things, the purchase of which would have been omitted, but for the fact that the dollars were in the purse instead of the storekeepers' hands, and tempted needless expenditure.

As the end of the six months' credit period approached, the mind of Jacobs began to rest on the dry goods dealer's bill, and to be disturbed by a feeling of anxiety. As to the amount of this bill he was in some uncertainty; but he thought that it could not be less than forty dollars. That was a large sum for him to owe, particularly as he had nothing ahead, and his current expenses were fully up to his income. It was now, for the first time in his life, that Jacobs felt the night-mare pressure of debt, and it seemed, at times, as if it would almost suffocate him.

One evening he came home, feeling more sober than usual. He had thought of little else all day besides his bill at the store. On meeting his wife he saw that something was wrong.

"What ails you, Jane?" said he kindly. "Are you sick?"

"No," was the simple reply. But her eyes drooped as she made it, and her husband saw that her lip quivered.

"Something is wrong, Jane," said the husband.

Tears stole to the wife's cheeks from beneath her half closed lids—the bosom labored with the weight of some pressure.

"Tell me, Jane," urged Jacobs, "if any thing is wrong. Your manner alarms me. Are any of the children sick?"

"Oh, no, no. Nothing of that," was quickly answered. "But—but—Mr. Edwards has sent in his bill."

"That was to be expected, of course," said Jacobs, with forced calmness. "The credit was only for six months. But how much is the bill?"

His voice was unsteady as he asked this question.

"A hundred and twenty dollars." And poor Mrs. Jacobs burst into tears.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the startled husband. "Impossible! There is some mistake. A hundred and twenty dollars? Never!"

"There is the bill." And Mrs. Jacobs drew it from her bosom.

Jacobs glanced eagerly at the footing up of the long column of figures, where were numerals to the value of one hundred and twenty.

"It can't be," he said in a troubled voice. "Edwards has made a mistake."

"So I thought, when I first looked at the bill," replied Mrs. Jacobs, recovering herself, yet speaking in a sad voice. "But, I am sorry to say, that it is all right. I have been over and over it again, and cannot find an error. Oh, dear! how foolish I have been. It was so easy to get things when no money had to be paid down. But I never thought of a bill like this. Never."

Jacobs sat for some moments with his eyes upon the floor. He was thinking rapidly.

"So much for a good credit," he said, at last, taking a long breath. "What a fool I have been! That cunning fellow, Edwards, has got to the windward of me completely. He knew that if he got me on his books, he would secure three dollars to one of my money, beyond what he would get under the cash down system. One hundred and twenty dollars in six months! Ah, me! Are we happier, now, for the extra dry goods we have procured? Not a whit! Our bodies have been a little better clothed, and our love of display gratified to some extent. But has all that wrought a compensation for the pain of this day of reckoning?"

Poor Mrs. Jacobs was silent. Sadly was she repenting of her part in the folly they had committed.

Tea time came, but neither the husband nor wife could do much more than taste food. That bill for a hundred and twenty dollars had taken away their appetites. The night that followed brought to neither of them a very refreshing slumber; and in the morning they awoke sober minded, and little inclined for conversation. But one thought was in the mind of Jacobs—the bill of Edwards; and one feeling in the mind of his wife—self reproach for her part in the work of embarrassment.

"What will you do?" said Mrs. Jacobs, in a voice that was unsteady, looking into her husband's face with glittering eyes, as she laid her hand upon his arm, causing him to pause as he was about leaving the house.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the young man, gloomily. "I shall have to see Edwards. I suppose, and ask him to wait. But, I'm sure I'd rather take a horse-whipping. Good credit! He'll sing a different song now."

For a moment or two longer the husband and

wife stood looking at each other. Then, as each sighed heavily, the former turned away and left the house. His road to business was past the store of Mr. Edwards,—but he now avoided the street in which he lived, and went a whole block out of his way to do so.

"How am I to pay this bill!" murmured the unhappy Jacobs, pausing in his work for the twentieth time, as he sat at his desk, and giving his mind up to troubled thoughts.

Just at this moment the senior partner in the establishment came up and stood beside him.

"Well, my young friend," said he, kindly, "how are you getting along?"

Jacobs tried to smile and look cheerful as he replied—

"Pretty well, sir." But his voice had in it a touch of despondency.

"Let me see," remarked the employer, after a pause; "your regular year is up to-day, is it not?"

Yes, sir," replied Jacobs, his heart sinking more heavily in his bosom, for, the question suggested a discharge from his place—business having been dull for some time.

"I was looking at your account yesterday," resumed the employer, "and find that it is drawn up close. Have you nothing ahead?"

"Not a dollar, I am sorry to say," returned Jacobs. "Living is expensive; and I have six mouths to feed."

"That being the case," said the employer, "as you have been faithful to us, and your services are valuable, we must add something to your salary. You now receive seven hundred dollars?"

"Yes, sir."

"We will call it eight hundred and fifty." A sudden light flashed into the face of the unhappy clerk; seeing which, the employer, already blessed in blessing another, added—

"And it shall be for the last as well as for the coming year. I will fill out a check for a hundred and fifty dollars, as the balance due you up to this day."

The feelings of Jacobs were too much agitated for him to trust himself with oral thanks, as he received the check, which the employer immediately filled up; but his countenance fully expressed his grateful emotions.

A little while afterward, the young man entered the store of Edwards, who met him with a smiling face.

"I've come to settle my bill," said Jacobs.

"You needn't have troubled yourself about that," replied the storekeeper, "though money is always acceptable."

The money was paid and the bill receipted, then Edwards, rubbing his hands, an action peculiar to him when in a happy frame of mind, said—

"And now, what shall I show you?"

"Nothing," was the young man's grave reply.

"Nothing! Don't say that," replied Edwards.

"I've just got in a beautiful lot of spring goods."

"I've no more money to spare," answered Jacobs.

"That's of no consequence. Your credit is good for any amount."

"A world too good, I find," said Jacobs, beginning to button up his coat with the air of a man who has lost his pocket-book, and feels disposed to look well that his purse doesn't follow in the same unprofitable direction.

"How so? What do you mean?" asked the store-keeper.

"My good credit has taken a hundred and twenty dollars out of my pocket," replied Jacobs.

"I don't understand you," said Edwards, looking serious.

"It's a very plain case," answered Jacobs. "This credit account at your store has induced myself and wife to purchase twice as many goods as we would otherwise have bought. That has taken sixty dollars out of my pocket; and sixty dollars more have been spent, under temptation, because it was in the purse instead of being paid out for goods charged to us on your books. Now do you understand me?"



The storekeeper was silent.  
 "Good morning Mr. Edwards," said Jacobs.  
 "When I have cash to spare, I shall be happy to spend it with you; but no more book accounts for me."

Wise will they be who profit by the experience of Mr. Jacobs. These credit accounts are a curse to people with moderate incomes, and should never, under any pretence, be opened.

#### WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

To be held at Worcester, Massachusetts, on the 23d and 24th of October next, (agreeably to appointment of a preliminary meeting held at Boston, on the 30th of May last.)

The MEN AND WOMEN of our country, who feel sufficient interest in the great question of Woman's rights, duties and relations in the social system to give an earnest thought and effective effort to its rightful adjustment, are invited to meet each other in free conference at the time and place appointed.

The upward-tending spirit of the age, busy in a hundred forms of effort for the world's redemption from the sins and sufferings which oppress it, has brought this one, which yields to none in importance and urgency, into distinguished prominence. One-half of the race are its immediate objects, and the other half are as deeply involved, by that absolute unity of interest and destiny which nature has established between them.

The neighbor is near enough to involve every human being in a general equality of rights and community of interests; but, Men and Women, in their reciprocities of love and duty, are one flesh and one blood—mother, wife, sister and daughter come so near the heart and mind of every man that they must be either his blessing or his bane. Where there is such mutuality of interests, such an interlinking of his life, there can be no real antagonism of position and action. The sexes should not, for any reason or by any chance, take hostile attitudes towards each other, either in the apprehension or amendment of the wrongs which exist in their necessary relations; but they should harmonize in opinion and co-operate in effort, for the reason that they must unite in the ultimate achievement of the desired reformation.

Of the many points now under discussion and demanding a just settlement, the general question of Woman's Rights and relations comprehends such as:—Her EDUCATION, *Literary, Scientific and Artistic*;—Her AVOCATIONS, *Industrial, Commercial and Professional*;—Her INTERESTS, *Pecuniary, Civil and Political*, in a word—Her RIGHTS as an *Individual*, and her FUNCTIONS as a *Citizen*.

No one will pretend that all these interests, embracing, as they do, all that is not merely animal in a human life, are rightly understood or justly provided for in the existing social order.—Nor is it any more true that the constitutional differences of the sexes, which should determine, define and limit the resulting differences of office and duty, are adequately comprehended and practically observed.

Woman has been condemned for her greater delicacy of physical organization, to inferiority of intellectual and moral culture, and to the forfeiture of great social, civil and religious privileges. In the relation of marriage she has been legally annihilated, and actually enslaved in all that concerns her personal and pecuniary rights; and even in widowhood and single life she is oppressed with such limitation and degradation of labor and avocation as clearly and cruelly mark the condition of a disabled caste. But, by the inspiration of the Almighty, the beneficent spirit of reform is roused to the redress of those wrongs. The tyranny which degrades and crushes wives and mothers, sits no longer lightly on the world's conscience—the heart's home-worship feels the stain of stooping at a dishonored altar—Manhood begins to feel the shame of muddying the springs from which it draws its highest life; and, Womanhood is everywhere awakening to assert its divinely chartered rights, and to fulfill its noblest

duties. It is the spirit of reviving truth and righteousness which has moved upon the great deep of the public heart and aroused its redressing justice; and, through it, the Providence of God is vindicating the order and appointment of his creation.

The signs are encouraging; the time is opportune. Come, then, to this Convention. It is your duty, if you are worthy of your age and country. Give the help of your best thought to separate the light from the darkness. Wisely give the protection of your name and the benefit of your efforts to the great work of settling the principles, devising the method, and achieving the success of this great enterprise.

From the National Era.

#### THE FREEMAN'S DREAM.—A Parable.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It seemed to him that it was a fair summer evening, and he was walking calmly up and down his estate, watching the ripening grain and listening to the distant voices of his children, as they played by his door, and the song of his wife as she rocked her babe to rest, and the soul of the man grew soft within him, and he gave God thanks with his full heart.

But now there came towards him in the twilight a poor black man, worn and wasted, his clothes rent and traveled-soiled, and his step crouching and fearful. He was one that dwelt in darkness, and as one that had been long dead; and behind him stood, fearfully, a thin and trembling woman, with a wailing babe at her bosom, and a frightened child clinging to her skirts; and the man held out his hand wistfully, and begged for food and shelter, if only for one night, for the pursuer was behind him, and his soul failed him for fear.

The man was not hard, and his heart misgave him when he looked on the failing eye and toil-worn face—when he saw the worn and trembling hands stretched forth; but then he bethought him of human laws, and he feared to befriend him, and he hardened his heart, and set his face as a flint, and bade him pass on, and trouble him not.

And it was so that after he passed on, he saw that the pursuers came up with him, and the man and the woman could not escape, because they were weary and foot sore and there was no more strength in them. And the man heard their screams, and saw them bound and taken by them that would show no mercy.

And after these things the man dreamed, and it seemed to him that the sky grew dark, and the earth rocked to and fro, and the heavens flashed with strange light, and a distant rush as of wings, was heard, and suddenly, in mid heavens, appeared the sign of the Son of Man, with his mighty angels. Upward, with countless myriads, dizzied and astonished, he seemed to be borne from the earth towards the great throne, and him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away.

Onward, a resistless impulse impelled him towards the bar of the mighty Judge, and before him, as written in fire, rose in a moment all the thoughts, words and deeds of his past life; and as if he had been the only son on earth to be judged, he felt himself standing alone and trembling before that all-searching Presence. Then an awful voice pierced his soul, saying—"Depart from me ye accursed! for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took me not in." And, terrified and subdued, the man made answer, "Lord where?" And immediately rose up these poor fugitive slaves that he had spurned from his door; and the Judge made answer—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of my brethren, ye did it not to me." And with that, terrified and affrighted, the man awoke.

Of late there have seemed to be many in this nation, who seem to think that there is no stand-

ard of right and wrong higher than the Congress, or an interpretation of the States Constitution. It is humiliating to think that there should be in the church of Christ, and ministers who should need to be reminded that the laws of their Master are above human laws, which come in conflict with them, and that though heaven and earth pass away, His word shall not pass away.

Are not the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the prisoner, and every form of bleeding, suffering humanity, as much under the protection of Christ in the person of the black as the white—of the bond as the free? Has he not solemnly told us, and once for all, that every needy human being is His brother, and that neglect of his wants is neglect of Himself?

Shall any doubt if he may help the toil-worn, escaping fugitive, sick in heart, weary in limb, hungry and heartsore—let him rather ask, shall he dare refuse him help? To him, too, shall come a dread hour, when a lonely fugitive from life's shore, in unknown lands, he must beg for shelter and help. The only Saviour in that hour, is He who has said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me!"

O, THAT KNOCKING!—We are credibly informed that the spirit knockings have commenced in old Cambridge. The time-honored gates of old Harvard have been made to resound by the gentle knock of woman. The story runs in this wise: a lady applied for admission to pursue a course of study with "the rest of mankind."

From the account which has reached us, we infer, that there was a painful struggle between his habitual gallantry and a certain fearful looking for of judgment to come, in the mind of the President. He replied to the applicant for educational privileges, that there was no provision in the corporate laws of the institution to prevent her admission, but advised her to forego her purpose, as she must, necessarily, subject herself to many annoyances and trials in its prosecution.—The lady assured him that she had "counted the cost" and would "pay the price." The knockings couldn't be dodged, so the latch string was pulled in. Old Harvard refused to open its treasures of knowledge to a woman!

Alas, for the repose of the venerable Alma Mater!

She has read her doom in the battered gates of the Medical Colleges of the land. The courage, inspired by a lofty purpose, which has opened to the sex the citadels of medical science, has gained strength and determination from success. The delicate hands that have knocked the M.D.'s to so good purpose, will never cease to haunt the Doctors of science in old Harvard, till, hitherto in hand, they bow the ladies in.

The centuries during which science was shut up in monasteries, are denominated the "dark ages." Since "the rest of mankind" were admitted to share with the monks the honor of keepers of knowledge, the morning twilight has been gradually brightening, till the last act only is wanting to the midday glory of science—the admission of woman to an equal participation in the sacred trusts of knowledge. [Mrs. Nichols.]

AN EXCELLENT MOVE.—On Thursday evening a meeting was held in the hall of the Franklin Institute, to promote the establishment of a school of Art and Design for females, to be under the care of the Institute. The importance and necessity of such an institution, and the beneficial results which must flow from it, both to the women who so much need an enlargement of their means of cultivation and support, and to society at large, were ably and eloquently set forth by Bishop Potter, who presided on the occasion, Hon. J. R. Ingersoll, Mr. Fraley, and Dr. Elder. Resolutions in support of the object were adopted unanimously.

We trust that abundant success will attend this benevolent scheme, and that the fund needed for its support will be readily furnished. [The



## THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

OCTOBER, 1850.

It does seem to us that our ladies in Rochester might with great propriety, move in the temperance cause, as there is a vast increase of drunkenness among their sex—at least ten times as much as in former years.

[Star of Temperance.]

Pray tell us, father Chipman, what would you have them do? If you "lords of creation" who have all power in your own hands, and can make and unmake laws at your pleasure, accomplish so little towards freeing our land from the blighting curse, what can helpless, powerless, women do to effect that object?

The time has been when they were very zealous in the cause, and believed they could effect much by circulating the pledge, passing resolutions, and sending petitions to the Legislature.—Simple souls! they knew not their own weakness, nor the strength of the foe they would combat. But a film has fallen from their eyes, and the cobwebs of ignorance are being brushed from their understandings, and they now realize that there is but one sure way of vanquishing the enemy, and that they are denied the right of acting in that way. Many have grown weary and heart-sick at the treachery and desertion of pretended friends, and are disgusted with the manner in which men conduct the warfare. Yet they know it is useless for them to take any action while the law sustains the traffic, and while they, like slaves and idiots, are forbidden a voice in making the laws. We doubt whether Mr. Chipman can ever coax or drive them to buckle on the old harness again, and labor as they have heretofore done; and we would not advise them to do it.—Experience has clearly proven to us that it is useless for woman to try to dry up the little streams, while men suffer the fountain to send forth its torrents of pollution, and death.

Not until she is regarded as a human being possessing the same wants and feelings, and endowed by her Creator with equal moral and intellectual capacities as man—not until her rights are fully recognised, and her voice listened to through the ballot-box, and in Legislative halls, can woman do ought in a public way to stay the tide of drunkenness which is so fearfully increasing.

We mean not to say that she can do nothing for the temperance cause, or that she should remain indifferent and inactive while so many pitfalls of destruction are yawning to swallow up new victims, and to crush her beneath the weight of poverty and abuse, which are ever attendant upon the drunkard's path. She can do much by early instilling into the minds of her children a fear and hatred of the liquor traffic, and its agents; and that mother is highly culpable who neglects to give frequent and serious lessons on this subject. She may, and should, at all suitable times, and places, speak in condemnation of the traffic, and ever let her actions show that she abhors it. She should entirely banish it from her dwelling, and not suffer its intrusion there, even to preserve her sweetmeats.

She should use every effort to induce the voters over whom she has any influence to cast their ballots in a way that shall tell on this question—though here we can hope for but little, for men are so wedded to "our party" that they care not what are the principles of its candidates. If women would do more than *this*, they must insist upon their rights, call conventions, make speeches, pass resolutions, and demand the right of expressing through the ballot box their abhorrence of the traffic, and their determination to hurl it from its strong hold.

So, all ye faint-hearted temperance men who look with hope to woman for assistance in this emergency, you must advocate their rights, and sustain them in their efforts to free themselves from the oppression and injustice, which bad laws, and worse customs, have imposed upon them.

POSTMASTERS.—There are in the United States eighty-one women holding the office of postmaster; not mere deputies, like ourself, but real, *bona fide* postmasters, receiving their appointments from head quarters. This, to be sure, is a small number compared with the men holding the same office, yet we think it much larger than is generally supposed. Thirty-one of this number are in Pennsylvania, five in our own State, and the remainder scattered through the different States. Some of these are important offices, and especially that of Northumberland, Pa., which is a *distributing* office. Doubtless many other offices are in charge of, and the entire business done by women, though they are not regularly appointed. We know this is so to some extent. That women make as faithful and efficient public officers as men, cannot be questioned; and that they are as capable of taking charge of such offices, we know by experience. We wish more of them might be placed in situations so well suited to their capacities, while men were driven to seek employment elsewhere.

### THE LILY.

Don't you do it, Mrs. Bloomer! If you do, you will rue it—mind! Give up "The Lily" because you are subject to bad headaches, which unfit you for mental labor, and you are afraid you do not do justice to your readers! Well, if you give up your paper you will be sure to keep the headache, and get a bad conscience into the bargain. As to your readers, just let them take care of themselves, and never trouble your head about them. We will go bail for every one of them, that none will let you impose upon him long. No wonder your head aches, if you keep puzzling it about the real or imaginary sins committed against them. We do not believe there is one in five hundred of them would ever find out what your sins of omission and commission are, if you keep your own counsel, though between you and us, in confidence, we really do think your readers very badly used—worse, indeed, than any other body's readers.

You always use a man badly when you encourage, aid, or abet him in taking his neighbor's labor without money, giving him nought for his work. It is almost enough to blunt the moral sensibilities of any man to teach him to take a paper gotten up as "The Lily" is, with so much taste, thought and ability, for fifty cents per annum. You certainly do your readers very great injustice if you fail to remind them, often, that it requires a large circulation to make it honestly pay, and they do themselves injustice if they fail in using their best endeavors to give you such

a list as will free you from the mental anxieties which make mental labor wearisome.

We would again remind our readers—who, by the way, happen generally to be pretty clever, honest people, and who shall never have the ghost of an unpaid printer haunting their death-beds if we can help it—that "The Lily" is a beautiful temperance monthly of eight pages octavo published at Seneca Falls, N. Y., at fifty cents per annum. It is the very best temperance paper we ever saw of any size or at any price; and those who believe moral suasion has any effect on drunkards, should make it a matter of conscience to sustain such paper triumphantly. Mrs. Bloomer is a clear-headed, practical and able writer, with an amount of genius, enthusiasm and a kindly, cordial, affectionate manner, which both convinces the judgment and wins the heart. We have a great notion to pledge ourself to discontinue the *Visitor*, just to *punish the public*, in case it should suffer "The Lily" to droop and die.—It would be a disgrace to be sustained by a public who had no more taste or appreciation. But Mrs. Bloomer is not complaining of want of support; says her publication pays; but she gets the headache! We recommend long lists of advance paying subscribers. Nothing does an editor's head and heart more good; and we will guarantee it cures her—if she does not drink coffee.

[Mrs. Swisshelm.]

There it is again! While we were flattering ourself that we could in a few months retire quietly from our labors, here comes this kindly remonstrance from one whose opinion we regard, and for whom we entertain the strongest feelings of respect, and love. We bow meekly to her reproof, return our thanks for the interest she takes in us, and our paper, and hope we shall not be spoiled by her flattery. We are now confident that should we continue *The Lily*, our list of subscribers will at least be doubled—for we are sure that the readers of her paper would sustain half a dozen such as ours, rather than their favorite should pledge herself to so rash an act, as the one of which she speaks. We would ourself forego many pleasures, rather than be deprived of the ever welcome "*Visitor*."

Her prescription for headache is good—for if it will not cure, it will gladden the heart; and make the pains of the head more endurable.—Nothing puts us in better spirits than to have some kind friend send us a good list of subscribers, and advance payment.

Verily, we are in a strait, whether to consult our ease and "give up the Lily," or to go on with renewed energy, in the hope that we shall not only be sustained by our present readers but that they will send us a goodly number of new subscribers as a remedy for our headache—which we assure them is not caused by drinking coffee. We will give your advice all due consideration, dear Mrs. Swisshelm, and at the right time announce our decision to our readers.

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—We are glad to learn that there are already fifty students for the approaching term of this institution. Clear the way, ye gentlemen doctors, the women are coming!

We earnestly hope that these students will practice either upon the hydropathic or homeopathic principle, both for their own sakes and that of their patients. They must have stronger stomachs and nerves than we, if they can endure the blistering, bleeding, drug dosing system of the old school.



# MRS. SWISSELM'S OPINION OF DRUNKARDS.

It is our well matured belief that selfishness—selfishness the most grovelling, narrow and contemptible, is the ruling principle in the heart and soul of every drunkard. It is the only feeling he possesses, and consequently is the only one to which any one need appeal. Deal with every animal according to his nature and habits! Subdue the horse by gentleness, for his nature is full of generosity, courage and affection; but to tame a panther you must have a good horsewhip, well laid on, for he is a selfish, skulking coward. To the man of a generous nature you can be as generous as you have a mind to be. He will be all the better for it, and you too; but the selfish and exacting will grow meaner and harder, more exorbitant in his demands for every concession you make.

"Gently stroke an angry nettle,  
It will sting you for your pains,  
Grasp it like a man of mettle,  
Soft as silk it then remains.  
'Tis thus with folks of vulgar nature;  
Treat them kindly they'll rebel,  
But be as harsh as nutmeg graters,  
And then the rogues will use you well!"

There are some people who, if a man should follow the Scripture directions, and give them his coat when they take his cloak, would insist upon the vest also, then find need for his pantaloons, and finally conclude they required his shirt. After the bundle was made up, if the boots looked tolerable, they would have him take them off, assist them in fitting them to their own feet, and box his ears for being an awkward valet. If the boots did not suit, they would think themselves very badly used, but take them at any rate, hoping to find use for them some day—order Mr. Patience to put his hose inside, and grumble because they were not of finer texture or wanted darning—then make him carry the baggage after them, pay their toll at the bridges, and think themselves badly used that their porter did not wear livery, or attracted attention by his nudity. While if the man had knocked them down on their first demand, and then compelled them to pay him for his trouble, they would have been quite impressed with his magnanimity in permitting them to rise again, and make obeisance to what they would feel and respect as a superior power.

To this class the drunkard belongs. He has given himself up to a base, sordid, selfish appetite—has deliberately determined to sacrifice the peace, happiness, and even lives of all he pretends most to love, to the gratification of that appetite. He can see his wife withering in shame and poverty, his children wanting bread, and swallow the glass he knows must deprive them of light and warmth, and food and raiment, and then your temperance lecturer will tell us what a generous, warm hearted, noble fellow he is!—A poor unfortunate, deserving of the sublimest pity and most angelic love! Heaven and earth must be ransacked for sympathy and assistance for the poor drunkard; and if any one in heaven above, the earth beneath, or waters under the earth, is impious enough to refuse a contribution—oh dear, what a monster! Straightway his brother's blood is required at his band. The delinquent is henceforth accountable for the misfortunes, i. e., crimes of the hero!

It is a good many years since a systematic attempt was made by the Washingtonian movement "to elevate the drunkard." Well, it has succeeded to a miracle! He is elevated in his own opinion, at least, until he is scarcely a criminal any longer; but the "hero of a hundred fights"—in all of which, however, he happened to be beaten—but no matter. Hasn't he been drunk—slept in the gutter—gotten his eyes blackened and his nose bloodied more times than he has fingers and toes—hasn't he been "portrayed and sonnetized and paragraphed on paper," and isn't he a hero?

Treatment that would be good enough for a decent man is quite beneath his acceptance. An industrious, honest man, who toils all day for his loved ones at home, may expect to put up with, or soothe away some frowns and angry words occasionally—may expect to find his wife a mortal woman, and his children like other people's; but the hero-drunkard must be joined to an angel—nothing but seraphic smiles and cherubic graces must await his coming! This kind of twaddle has been reiterated until the animals look upon such considerations as their right, and very well most of them know how to demand, exact and presume upon every particle of sympathy or forbearance that was at first awarded as free grace! They are entirely out of their places as well as out of their right minds—that is, granting they ever had any right minds—and we would have them brought to their senses by direct appeals to the only feelings they have—cowardice and selfishness. Thrash them like spaniels! They are the very fellows to lick the hand that gives the blows, provided it gives enough of them. Every time they get drunk, horsewhip or dip them in a duck pond until they grow sober. If they are too far gone to be thus reformed, shut them up in State's prison and put them to work in a cell.

Let it be a well-understood law that self-indulgence is to bring immediate punishment—such punishment as they can feel, and that must be bodily. No use talking about the stings of conscience! Conscience might as well try to sting the head of a bass drum, as a heart preserved in alcohol. The beautiful lectures and apostrophes, and nice little sentimental stories with which our language abounds, and which make such an ado over the "noble hearts—the generous souls, and lamentable infatuations which overcome them and wring their affectionate bosoms with remorse," are simply all fudge. The "heart-rending" pictures about their love for their wives and children, and sober sorrow for drunken transgressions, together with the commendable examples of angelic wives, who have presented them with "pledges of affection" year after year, to be murdered by inches, or more promptly, soul and body day after day, just make us sick. We never read an account of a patient wife toiling to support her "poor, erring" lord and master—meeting his brutality and abuse with long carresses and winning smiles, but we felt as though we had swallowed a few grains of opium. We never could patiently see a lady kiss a lap-dog; and we are sure it would not be very nice to see one take a hundred and fifty pound porker in her arms while she kissed his long snout, and dear, little, twinkling, black eyes. It is well enough to pat a dog's head and stroke a horse's main; but to live on terms of loving equality with a brute, we must consider decidedly brutalizing. Drunkenness should be a legal unfitness for the marriage relation. No drunkard is fit to be a husband or father. He has no right to entail his curses upon posterity—no right to burden the commonwealth with paupers and criminals, and the woman who becomes the wife of a drunkard, knowing him to be such, or continues the relation when she is fully aware of the fact, is herself a criminal; and all the sentimental tale writers in creation never can convert her crime into a virtue. They may so designate it, and thus become partakers in her guilt; but this is all they can do. One of our first duties in life is to preserve our own life and health. Few drunkard's wives can do this. A most important duty of every parent is to train up her children in the way they should go. This is impossible, if they are trained in a drunkard's home. It is a mother's especial duty to cherish, beautify and happily the life she gives her children; and this she cannot do if she keeps them subject to the brutal violence of a drunkard. But any one with a moment's reflection can see a woman cannot perform her duty to herself, her children, society and her God, and remain the bosom companion of a common drunkard, and the tenacity with which thousands stick to their post is a kind of morose mania, or oftener cowardice and indecision. They are afraid to go, or do not

know exactly how to get away. There are a few instances of the sublime resolution, endurance, or enduring loveliness we read of. It is cowardice—stupid indifference—weakness or unworthiness of some kind which keeps a hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand drunkard's wives in their position. When women get the use of the ballot-box, they will soon free themselves from such angelic duties, and leave the hero-drunkards to go to upper regions and wed with angels indeed, who will be the very kind of helpmeets reformers think they require, and mortal women will be content to live single, or marry common men.

A correspondent asks, "How could you edit a paper, if you had three or four children to take care of?" Well, we think if we had nothing to do but edit the *Lily*, and take care of the children, we should have an easy task. The editing is but a small part of the duties connected with a paper.

Similar questions to the above, are frequently put to us—"I suppose you have a girl to do your house work?" "You are not your own house-keeper, Mrs. Bloomer?" "Why! you don't take care of your house, edit your paper, tend post office, and all?" Yes, we do all this, and have, beside, one little prattler under our care and protection; and we assure those who may have fears on the subject, that she does not suffer for the want of food or clothing.

Since April last we have done the entire work of our house, in addition to our duties as clerk and publisher. We cannot say of how much more we are capable, but think we could manage one or two more children—provided they did not want much attention. True, we have not much time to read novels, study the fashions, or gossip with idlers; yet we find time to read many things useful, to study ourself, and to visit our friends.

Now, friends, are you answered?

Good.—The sewing girls of Adrian, Mich., are on a strike for higher wages. The prices for which they have been obliged to labor afforded but a meager compensation for their industry. They have formed a league—entered into a written compact, that they will in no instance, under any circumstances, work for prices less than those in the schedule they have signed. Speaking of this movement the *Watch Tower* says:—

This is as it should be. It is meeting the difficulty in the right quarter and at the right time. If they but "stick to their text," as they should, they can fix terms with their employers upon something like a fair footing instead of being compelled to accept of such terms as a niggardly penuriousness may dictate. Let them sink or swim with the "declaration" which they have published to the world. If they recede they are worse off than ever: better would it have been if they had not moved at all. And above all, let them look out for "rats," as we printers style those who work under price. A miserably poor "rat" may spoil a good cheese. Girls remember the motto of Davy Crockett, "Be sure that you are right and then go ahead."

Hon. H. B. STANTON will please accept our best bow, and warmest thanks, for the beautiful copy of the "New York State Cabinet of Natural History, and the Historical and Antiquarian Collection," which was left, with his regards, upon our table.



Since our last paper we have had the pleasure of attending to a lecture on Woman's rights, delivered here by the Rev. THOMAS J. MUMFORD. It was a well written and able production and covered the whole ground.

It is most cheering to us that a young man of talents, just coming on the stage of action, should feel sufficiently interested in this question to give it the attention and study which Mr. MUMFORD must have done, in order to bring before us such an array of facts and well digested principles on so novel a question, condensed in a lecture of one short hour.

The New-York Tribune in noticing the presentation of a sword to a Lieut. Adams, suggests that instead of presenting swords, and such like implements of human butchery, hoes and axes should be substituted; and asks, "What city will set the example of presenting an axe and hoe to its returned warriors?" [Ex.]

What editor will set the example of giving his influence to raise such men only as use these harmless implements, to places of honor, emolument and trust? So long as such men as Horace Greeley give their votes to place warriors in the Presidential chair, so long will swords rank higher than axes and hoes, in public estimation.

What does it mean, Mr. Arthur? that "The Pearl—or Which is the Happiest" which was originally published in the Lily, last May, appears also as original in the "Home Gazette." Surely there is some mistake, for we know that you, who have so many good things for your paper, would not be wilfully guilty of publishing as original, a story which has already been five months before the public.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, for October, fully sustains the high reputation which it has gained for itself.

For the Lily.

One of the editors of the Albany Evening Journal says he "happened to be among those who saw Jenny Lind plant her foot upon free soil."

Poor fellow! how did he survive it? After his piteous whinings about the "Ohio Convention," he must have been terribly shocked on beholding a woman so wholly "out of her sphere." Only think of her traveling all the way from Sweden here, without a legalized protector, going through with a public reception with such eclat and composure, and singing to crowded houses of men. Oh! the degeneracy of these times!! Alas! that our men and women of delicacy and refinement should flock to see and hear this Jenny Lind!—alas! that not one faithful editor has as yet raised his goose quill to rebuke them for their infatuation, or her, for her unwomanly behavior.

Depend upon it ye wise and prudent "lords of creation," if you would nip this woman's rights movement in the bud, you must frown down all attempts at notoriety by these Jenny Linds and Fanny Kembles—these women who dance, sing, read and play in public, as well as our Paulina Wrights, Abby Kelleys and Lucretia Motts, who lecture on physiology, human rights, and moral and religious questions. If a woman is "out of her sphere" in declaring great, God given truths to a promiscuous assembly, is she not also "out of her sphere" in singing sentimental songs, or reading Shakesperian plays? If she should not teach him in the Church, may she please him in the Opera House?

E. C. S.

#### SELF RELIANCE.

There is no one thing which has been more entirely laid aside by the mass of mankind, than self-reliance. And from this neglect people have been led blindly, by self-interested leaders, into habits, customs, and beliefs which were at variance with their natures, and contrary to their internal convictions. By self-reliance I do not mean that unbounded confidence in one's self, which can see no wisdom beyond the narrow limits of its own bounds, and which is superficial and intolerant; but simply "that unflinching reliance on our highest convictions and purest instincts, which is indifferent to the ever-shifting current of popular feeling."

Wanting in this quality, is that mind which rejects its inmost convictions, for public opinion, or the opinion of any individual. That debasing servility which leads to a constant distrust of our own convictions, and the productions of our own thoughts, for the convictions or opinions of some mind believed to be superior, has prevented the discovery, or at least utterance, of many great and important truths. It is well, in all matters of importance, to obtain all the advice and counsel possible, thereby to obtain light or increase information, but the moment you receive it as authority, you distrust your own truthful convictions, and yield your individuality.

Important as self-reliance is to every individual, man or woman, it has been, with but few exceptions, unknown in the history of woman.—Hence her willingness to be borne along by the common current, without raising one remonstrative voice against the injustice and oppression to which she is subjected. And until she thinks, speaks and acts for herself, this state of things will continue. Speak your own convictions, then, regardless of popular favor, and act upon your own responsibility. Such women this age demands, and "the hungering for any good is the prophet of its coming."

L. A. JENKINS.

For the Lily.

THE HEIGHT OF MEANNESS.—A little boy, a week or two since, was injured in Hartford by the falling of some heavy castings upon him, when sympathy and humanity prompted the neighbors to raise a sum of money for the relief of the sufferer, which was given in charge to the father. The rum-sellers were contemptible enough to allure that parent to their holes and to take from him every cent for liquor!

[Fountain.]

Well, if this is the height let me tell you, Mr. Fountain, the depth of meanness. For wise and sober legislators to get together and make laws, by which a drunken husband may strip his wife of her hard earnings—laws by which the rum-seller makes the wife and children responsible for the drunkard's folly—laws by which woman may toil all her days, yet have nothing—own nothing. The rum-seller's are mean, but those who suffer them to live are meaner.

Who can tell me how many "Sons of Temperance" it would take to crush one rum-seller? What practical business do the "Sons" propose to do in this matter? Their processions and displays are all very well, and no doubt their meetings for social intercourse, with their red curtains and bright lights, are quite pleasant, far more so than their own chimney corners, with sick wives and cross children—but what are they doing?—Have they resolved, in a committee of the whole, that this cursed traffic shall cease? Do they give the cold shoulder to all distillers and rum-sellers? Do none of them give a vote to put any but staunch teetotalers in office? In fine, what are the "sons" doing for Temperance more than any other men? I have my fears that they take more pleasure as "Sons of Temperance," in their joint meetings, cracking jokes and singing songs, than as sons of honest, hard working mothers, who through lonely evenings sit mending their clothes, or than as fathers of wayward, neglected

children, who have a right to their wise counsels and cheerful songs at their own hearth-stones.—The family circle is the most sacred and holy secret society to which any man can belong, and if he does all in his power to render that society intelligent and virtuous, cheerful and happy, he will never feel the necessity of going beyond his own home for his highest and purest pleasures.

E. C. S.

#### WOMEN.

The Court of Exchequer, England, have recently decided that the savings of a wife, out of her allowance for a separate maintenance, are the property of her husband. Thus, if a woman be forced by a brutal husband, to whom she trusted her happiness and fortune, to take legal refuge under a separate maintenance, perhaps from her own property, and wishes to save something for the future out of that portion of her own, it belongs to the robber and oppressor! The Americans defend women by giving them entire control over their own property.

[Sat. Evening Post.]

No they don't, Mr. Post. The Americans are not half so clever as all that. In some few States they give a married woman the control of property she had before marriage, or any that may accrue to her by gift or will afterwards; but in every one, even of these States, all she may acquire, either by labor or economy, belongs to her lord and master as truly and fully as the wages of a slave belong to his master. We have not a doubt, Mr. Post, that there are hundreds of women in the good city of Philadelphia, who wash, scrub or sew, to support their husbands, children and themselves, while their better halves collect a great part of their wages and spend them at doggeries. One thing is certain, the laws you Pennsylvanians have made, fully guarantee their authority to do so. So now, don't you be righteous in your own conceit, for you Americans are not half such fine fellows as you would have us believe.

[Mrs. Swisshelm.]

WOMAN'S ECONOMY.—Governor Barbour, of Virginia, in an address before an agricultural society, says:—"Let every man have the fortitude to look his affairs in the face, to keep an account of his debts and items of expenditure, no matter how long or black the list; if he don't look into it his neighbors will—and more, let him show it to his wife, if he has one. If a prudent woman, it will be of service; if imprudent, it will do no harm; but there are few of the latter, and I cheerfully bear evidence to the care and economy of woman. When in a situation to observe, I can safely say, that I never knew a woman, left to the care of an embarrassed estate, that did not extricate it, if it was possible."

The Rev. Henry Giles, in a lecture on "Manliness," thus designates the four great characteristics which have distinguished mankind:—"The Hebrew was mighty by the power of Faith—the Greek by Knowledge and Art—the Roman by Arms—but the might of the Modern Man is placed in Work. This is shown by the peculiar pride of each. The pride of the Hebrew was in Religion—the pride of the Greek was in Wisdom—the pride of the Roman was in Power—the pride of the Modern Man is placed in Wealth."

RUM AND MISERY.—Officers Bryan and McLaughling of the Third Ward, last night arrested a man named Thomas Robinson, charged with being drunk. Robinson's wife and four children were lying in the street in a state of utter destitution; the woman was very sick and died before morning. Dr. Kilbourne attended them.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

A SOLEMN FACT.—Printers never refuse money, particularly that which is due them.

Men are always murmuring at the hardships of this world, yet how they dread to leave it.



## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

### A WARNING TO BOYS.

'Twas a bright summer afternoon in June that I lay stretched upon the shady velvet lawn in front of my uncle's fine mansion in B, busily engaged in viewing "castles in the air" of my own building, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps. As I raised myself upon my elbow to catch a glimpse of the intruder I beheld before me a man, if so he might have been called, in whom I was at once interested. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, with a countenance faintly perceptible beneath the coat of filth with which he was completely covered—which at once betokened no ordinary mind. The effects of alcohol were plainly to be seen, mingled with sorrow and an earnest desire for repentance. After the customary salutation, he requested my attention for a few moments while he gave me a faint outline of his adventures. It was as follows:

"This is my native place. My father was a wealthy banker, and it was his settled aim to make of me, what he was pleased to term a gentleman. I therefore received a good education in the lower branches, and at the age of seventeen entered college at C. My father having always kept an eye on his darling boy until now, it is not to be wondered that the moment this restraint was removed I became very wild, plunging into all manner of revelry, and at the close of a year went home with my habits and countenance materially changed. The intoxicating cup had made sad inroads upon my constitution, and had it not been one of iron I must certainly have sunk under it, ere the close of the first year. My evenings were mostly spent at the public house or gambling saloon, where the debauch was kept up until after the small hours were past. My father allowed me all the money I could wish and I was determined to make way with all I could get. In this way I went on for nearly three years, when a decanter of brandy was found in my room, and I was caught in the act of drinking a glass. My guilt was so palpable that I was immediately expelled from the college walls forever. Slowly and sadly I took my way home hardly daring to meet my father; but where could I go? I finally concluded to conceal nothing from him. It matters not what took place at that meeting, suffice it to say, that at the end of five years I found myself in the city of H. in a snug little office, with a swing sign in front, with an inscription which denoted that an attorney of law might be found within. I soon grew into notice and in a short time had all the business my heart could crave but I was still a daily worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus. Time sped on and at the close of seven years I found myself the possessor of wealth to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars. At this time I delighted to wallow in drunkenness. My friends began to desert me, and as I plunged deeper and deeper into crime, my magnificent fortune was swept away, and in the space of eleven months I was penniless. In the mean time my father having failed in business, was so overwhelmed with grief that he died. Hearing of this I determined to make one last effort to free myself from bondage; but after a short time I returned again to my old habits. And here you see the wreck of what was once a man. My only desire is to reach the grave of my father which is but a few rods distant where I shall earnestly pray God that I may die."

Stanley Corners, Aug., 1850. S. S.

**THE WATCH KEY.**—I remember when my little friend James, who went to the same school that I attended, sat in the next seat to mine. One day he brought a neat little watch key to school, and handed it to me to examine. "I'll tell you what I'll do," said he, "if you'll bring me a half a dozen apples you may have this key." Pleased at the thought I soon made the bargain. I went home. But how was I to get the apples?

I did not love to ask my parents for them; for they might think it foolish for me to trade for a little key, which would be of no use. So I did not tell them of what I was about to do; and unknown to any one beside myself, I went into the cellar and filled my pockets with apples, and hurried away to the school, where, I soon found James and settled for the key. But now I had the key, what must I do with it? If I let my parents see it, thought I, they will wish to know how I came by it—and what shall I say? If I tell them I gave some apples for it, they will certainly know that I came by them dishonestly. And reader, being placed in such circumstances, what do you think I did? Instead of letting any one see my little key, I went into the garden, dug a hole, and buried it. That is the way all guilty children do to hide their faults. Like me they little think that though their parents do not see their sins, there is an Eye that is watching them, continually.

After the key had been buried a few days, my brother and I went into the garden together, and I began to dig. By and by I came across the key. "Oh see what I've dug up!" I exclaimed. "see what I have found!" But when I carried it into the house, my parents knew that it could not have been long lost, as it showed no sign of rust. "Did you really dig it up?" they enquired. What to do I hardly knew, but I told them it was the truth. And they conjectured that some one must recently have dropped it, and they said no more. But I did not feel very happy with my key; I knew I had obtained it dishonestly. And thus will all children feel who do wrong, unless they repent, and are sorry for their faults. How long I kept the key, or what became of it at last I am unable to say. But from the story I must draw this conclusion: If you wish to be happy and have a clear conscience, you must avoid doing any thing that is wrong. Remember sin brings its own punishment sooner or later, and that they only are happy who obey their Maker by keeping His commandments. Fear to sin; love God; and he will bless you here and hereafter.

**WHO HE WAS.**—Look at yon poor, ragged, filthy, slovenly, miserable wretch of humanity, that walking mass of rottenness and death!—Dead, yes dead to every kind feeling, to every generous impulse, to every magnanimous deed.—Behold him as he totters along the street, the avoided of all the decent, the despised of all the despisers; his eyes blood-shot, his form emaciated, his hand trembling as with the palsy, his step unsteady. Look, see the multitude instinctively avoid him, and "let him pass," as if his touch were death. Where, think you, did that object of pity and wretchedness come from? Was he the son of a poor degraded wretch like himself?

I knew him long ago, in the days of his juvenescence, when the smile of joy, and the perpetual bloom of happiness and health were on his cheek; when the warm and rosy blood coursed through his young veins with sweet and joyful sensations. Many a happy morn. when the sun was just peeping from his couch of roses, and equipping himself for his daily march, have we joyously carolled on the way to school. In him all the ties of kindred and associates were like the warm blood that flowed through his veins; as pure and impetuous as the chrysal stream that tumbled from the mountain brink. He grows up to a manly stature. He looks out with a bold eye upon the proud and deceitful world; and sees, with hopes elated of soon surmounting them, the first summit of those cares and troubles, like "Alps on Alps arise." He leaves the parent roof, and with many a proud hope, throws himself upon the billows of an uncharitable world, and mingles with the motly group that struts its brief existence out upon the theatre of life. A circle of acquaintances is soon formed, he is carressed, dazzled, intoxicated with their artful civilities. He joins in every scene of revelry; pours the contents of his purse out freely, and soon he finds himself a poor, helpless, despised, wretched

and brutish being. The friends that once loved him, once, know him no more. He is passed on, and if not reclaimed from the path of sin, will soon sink to his mother earth, and be forgotten. Pause, O youth, when you look upon this picture of wretchedness, learn a lesson of wisdom from his destruction, and swear never to touch the poisonous fluid again. It was *drink! drink!* that ruined him—'twill ruin you. [Exchange.]

**CLASS OPINIONS—A FABLE.**—A lamb strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of friendly gossip, the goat praised him. "Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you ever hear him attempt a roar? I heard him roar, and by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry *ba—a—a!*" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well. "Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough till I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gets over very little ground." "It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'" So the beasts criticized the lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good lamb, nevertheless.

[Household Words.]

**THE DRUNKARD'S ARMY.**—In the U. S. there is an army of half a million of drunkards. All know that the life of a drunkard is exceedingly brief. Generations are swept away with amazing rapidity, and yet their ranks keep full. From whence come these recruits? Young men, who frequent the fashionable drinking saloons, can you tell us how their perpetually thinning ranks are as perpetually supplied? [Phil. Pledge.]

**SAD RESULT OF INTemperance.**—In the Police Court last week, George H. Angier, Esq., a member of the Suffolk Bar, and formerly, we believe, a highly respected member of a city government in the State of Maine, was convicted as a common drunkard, and sentenced to the House of Correction for two months. [Bost. Paper.]

If you lie upon roses when young, you will lie upon thorns when old.

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Seneca Falls, N. Y.

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Jan. 1, 1850. ISAAC FULLER.